



MUJ MHARA

a borough bound city



Into the Trench

THE CONDUIT TO THE DEPTHS



nce the unfloating takes hold, it is exceedingly difficult for a snàmh ùr to swim up. It is known that this is not a *purely* physical property of the water; after all, a snàmh ùr who decides that they are truly ready to leave is able to easily rise to the surface. Nevertheless, the unfloating waters that thrum with Scamhóga's magic also invariably bind most snàmh ùra to the seafloor.

In many ways, the unfloating makes traversal quite a bit more straightforward. Even those with no experience swimming can slowly amble along the sandy seabed. Likewise, the minimal water pressure means that the snàmh ùra do not need to worry about the debilitating effects that the depths can have on a body. However, the unfloating also minimizes mobility for the snàmh ùra. Muc-Mhara is a web of seemingly bottomless chasms and craggy outcroppings. The safe pathways through the underwater community can feel strangely restrictive.

Those hoping to explore deeper levels of Muc-Mhara will inevitably get funneled through the Trench of the Lost. Whether one seeks access to the abyssal enclave or hopes to find forgotten treasures, the natural cliff faces and pits will invariably lead travelers into this narrow

and cluttered valley. To the untrained eye, this might look like little more than an underwater landfill. There is some truth to that, as plenty of refuse and clutter finds its way to the trench. Yet there are curious secrets to be found if one knows how to look properly.

SWIMMING AROUND OBSTACLES

Many adventurers may see the towering sea cliffs or bottomless pits and think to themselves "well, no worries, I'll just swim around them." While possible for some, the enormous risk in doing so is that one will swim beyond the comforts of the unfloating waters. Even along the shallowest portions of seafloor, breaching into open ocean can be a death sentence for most snàmh ùra. Even the most well-trained divers have difficulty swimming at a depth of 100 feet or more. Suddenly crossing the threshold from the unfloating of Muc-Mhara to the oppressive depth of the Yartharen Sea can have catastrophic effects on a diver's body.

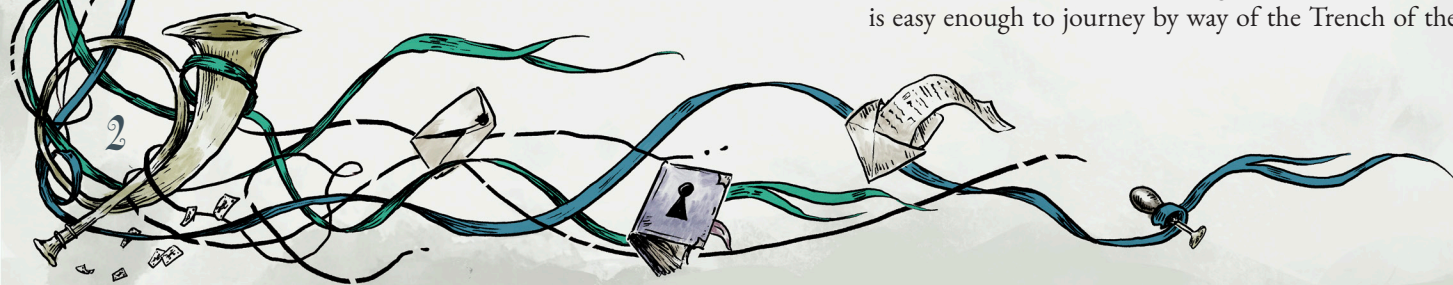
It is easy for Muc-Mhara residents to recognize the boundaries of the unfloating based on the refracting light in the depths. Scamhóga's ethereal exhalation warps the way light bends through the ocean, so a wall of strange oceanic shadow clearly delineates the boundaries of which waters are safe.

THE TRENCH OF THE LOST

It has become common wisdom across the realm of men that "all things lost find their way to Muc-Mhara." While many ascribe metaphorical significance to this saying, there is also a very literal truth behind it. Through some mixture of ocean currents and enchanted coincidence, misplaced or forgotten items eventually wind up in Muc-Mhara, and when they do, the waves usually push them into the Trench of the Lost.

Items as small as a gemstone or as large as a carriage tumble down to the ocean floor. These lost treasures form into towering heaps, difficult to sift through without kicking up sediment.

Though most sea fae wouldn't dare debase themselves by rummaging through the junk, claspids fastidiously maintain a central uncluttered pathway one can take directly from the shallow to the abyssal enclave. Thanks to the work of these single-minded workers, it is easy enough to journey by way of the Trench of the



Lost, though travelers are advised to be extremely careful to watch their step. The murky waters can obscure dangerous refuse or sudden precipitous drop-offs.

Whenever adventurers choose to rummage through the trench, consider rolling on the Things Lost table, or consult the Special Treasures table in the next guide for more fleshed out goodies.

CLASPIDS

While most sea fae are of at least similar intelligence to the adults of the terrestrial races, claspids seem to be barely sentient. When outside the waters of Muc-Mhara these abyssal fae coalesce around whale falls, geothermal vents, or any other well-populated deepsea locales. Once there, claspids instinctively begin to grab objects and sort them into arbitrary piles. Sea hags claim that claspids perform their strange organization ritual in an attempt to appease those around them, but it is unclear how the hags have come to this conclusion regarding the ever-inscrutable cephalopods.

Regardless, the silent and diligent claspids seem quite content to spend their days clearing a path through the trench and generally staying out of everyone's way. The pathways that wind and wend their way through the Trench of the Lost are largely the result of tireless work from Muc-Mhara's claspids. The more courteous scavengers always make a point to thank these invertebrate allies.

GM NOTE: You'll notice that most of the items listed in the Things Lost table are *not* terribly valuable. That is because (surprise!) most of the precious treasures are quickly snatched up by scavengers. If your players *really* want to find something valuable, you can always just throw them a bone and hand out some random gemstones or vases or whatnot, but it might be more fulfilling to make them work for it. If they're here to nab some treasure (specific or otherwise), make them go toe-to-toe with scavengers. If the adventurers can't outsmart the experts by distracting them, employing divination, or knocking them out for a couple hours, maybe your players don't *deserve* good treasure.

You'll also notice that there are a handful of entries that are either cheeky or a bit "metaphysical." Feel free to interpret those however you want, or if you don't feel like peddling in the abstract, just roll again.

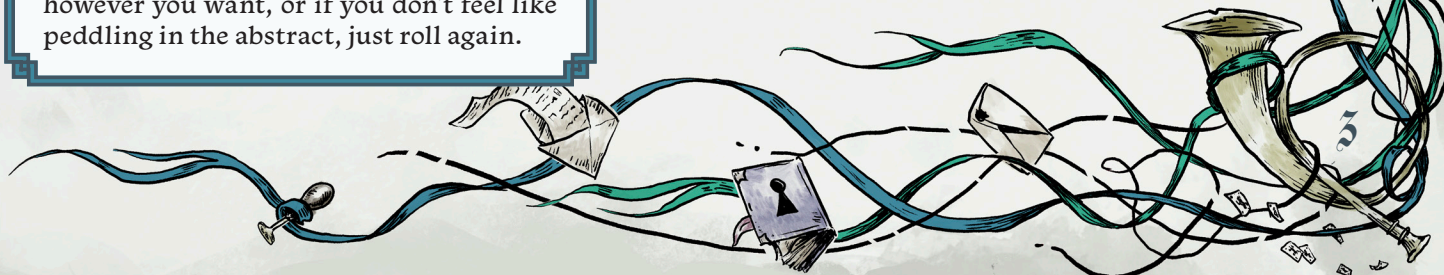


SCAVENGERS

Anyone who visits Muc-Mhara is free to scour the Trench of the Lost in search of their own misplaced mementos or a new treasure to claim as their own. The Council of Contracts maintains an exceedingly generous interpretation of the law of "finders, keepers," thus protecting any who opt to dig through the refuse in search of valuables. As such, many visitors to Muc-Mhara will try their hand at searching for a precious relic to take home, even if they haven't come to Muc-Mhara specifically to recover an item of their own.

Unfortunately, most amateur treasure seekers are unlikely to find much of note in the Trench of the Lost. There is simply too much worthless junk and too many professionals who quickly nab any valuable new trinkets.

Scavenging for valuables has become a lucrative business in Muc-Mhara. While it was once a scrappy industry for enterprising young adventurers, scavenging is now becoming increasingly corporate. Well-funded merchant vessels bring teams of scavengers to Muc-Mhara, drop anchor just beyond the Not-Unfloating Docks, and then throw down ropes to help their scavengers lift large and precious cargo. Teams of scavengers train diligently to hone the idiosyncratic skills necessary for success:



2D20 THINGS LOST

- 2** A cursed locket filled with dried beans
- 3** A stone carved with two faces
- 4** A double-side spoon (i.e. can scoop from either end)
- 5** A stretch of rainbow rope, made from dyed hairs of many humanoid species
- 6** That shirt you just remembered that you lent to a friend
- 7** Your resolve
- 8** A winning ticket from the races, allegedly
- 9** Some exceedingly tiny caltrops
- 10** One Impossibly large caltrop (for giants???)
- 11** A university assignment with a bite taken out of it
- 12** A jousting trophy honoring "participation"
- 13** Dowsing rods
- 14** Dowsing rods for finding other dowsing rods
- 15** A velvet painting of polychromatic bears marching
- 16** A string of eight characters, with at least one upper case, one number, and one special symbol
- 17** Hundreds upon hundreds of baby teeth
- 18** The marbles of a (presumably) now insane man
- 19** A scabbard with a broken belt hook
- 20** A bottle of perfume, with a card that reads "for a very special someone"
- 21** A cannonball made from carved ivory
- 22** A brass whistle inscribed with the initials DJF
- 23** An inkwell that thrums with magical energy
- 24** A wooden top that can only spin in one direction
- 25** Steam
- 26** A faded book of baking recipes, written with flowery penmanship

2D20 THINGS LOST

- 27** Four sticks, bound with twine into the shape of a man
- 28** A dab of sweet jelly (covered in sand, but still tasty)
- 29** A postage stamp with an abstract design of an eyeball
- 30** A vial of blood; screams "Jeremy" if opened
- 31** A prosthetic arm made of polished quartz
- 32** A wooden door with broken hinges
- 33** A disgruntled dinner guest's appetite
- 34** A 3 inch long bottle of red wine topped with a syringe instead of a cork
- 35** A metal barrel painted green with the word "CORN" stamped all over
- 36** The thread
- 37** Spectacles that naturally dim in the presence of bright light
- 38** A handful of sesame seeds
- 39** The head of a long-deposed monarch
- 40** The last moment you saw her, now adrift in memory

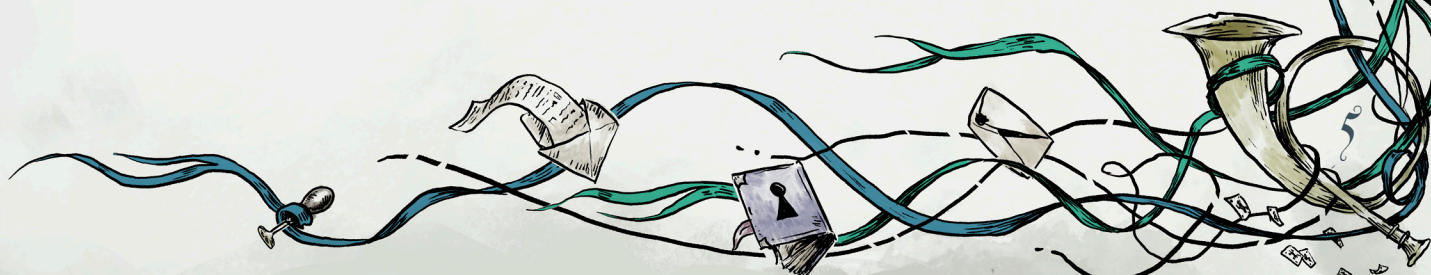


- ◆ Careful sifting to avoid kicking up too much sediment
- ◆ A keen eye for goods that can be sold, materials that can be scrapped, and junk that isn't worth the effort
- ◆ The awareness to spot new treasure sinking to the ocean floor before others
- ◆ Maintaining a good relationship with the claspids who are likely to spot valuables while cleaning the thoroughfare
- ◆ When possible, the ability to utilize tools both arcane and mundane: divining aids, magnets, goggles, and (of course) spades

Given the expertise, the manpower, and the corporate backing of these diligent scrappers, many visitors give up looking for buried treasure quickly after arriving in the Trench of the Lost. In most instances, they simply aren't up to the task. Maybe they'll find a *noteworthy* trinket (see the associated table), but these quirky items are unlikely to be of any real value.

D4 SALVAGING OPERATIONS DESCRIPTION

1	The Mizalor Trading Co.	The largest trading company in the Yartharen Sea, the Mizalor Trading Co. has made fortunes by connecting the disparate nations separated by the turbulent ocean. They have only recently entered the salvaging industry, and they are quickly gaining total dominance over the market.
2	Signor Iallo and Associates	Signor Iallo is a legendary artifact hunter, though unlike the salvaging companies in Muc-Mhara, he does not sell his wares. Instead, oligarchs, generals, and wealthy lords pay exorbitant prices to rent the relics he has uncovered. Wizardly appraisers await on their airship docked above the surface.
3	Arlor Hold Reclamation	The dwarves of Arlor Hold are always in search of increasingly rare metals as their miners exhaust the lodes in their home mountains. Their new reclamation outfit is a potential long-term solution: instead of mining with diminishing marginal returns, they are scouring the seas in search of shipwrecks and forgotten goods that they can recycle.
4	Order of the Forgotten Dynast	Not quite a state, not quite a religion, the Order of the Forgotten Dynast is considered an extremist group by most nations within the realm of men. Nevertheless, they are well-funded. They've begun sending crews of salvagers in search of what they consider to be "stolen relics" that had once belonged to their god king.





KATIVAN HUTGAG

There is a huge divide among the professional scavengers between those who have some magical aid and those who do not. Now that the first wave of lost items have been thoroughly picked through, most of the exciting finds occur as new items sink through the unfloating waters. Anyone who is unable to spot these new arrivals, quickly ascertain their value, and then swim upward to retrieve them are unlikely to make a meaningful profit. Dwarven scavenger Kativan Hutgag (she/her) is among the best of this new breed of scavengers.


Kativan has a number of advantages. First and foremost is the aid of her sea otter companion. Though the unfloating affects most animals much as it does snámh ùra, Kativan's sea otter Frávik is able to swim freely *while still gaining the ability to breathe*. As far as anyone knows, this is the only creature to be affected by the un-

floating in this peculiar manner. Short and agile Kativan can simply grab hold of Frávik and use her like a personal propulsion device to jet up to new salvage as it drops.

As if that weren't enough, Kativan also wields a number of minor magical accoutrements to help her spot and recover valuables: arcane goggles that can filter out much of the whirling sand and sediment from her view, a wrist charm that glows in the presence of valuable metals, and a sack that is—in Kativan's words—"larger within than without."

With these various tools, Kativan can easily get the jump on new lost goods, quickly determine their value, and then pocket them to be recovered later.

Unlike other scavengers, Kativan is not associated with any of the major salvaging companies. Instead, Kativan works alone, and has paid one of the merchants on the Not-Unfloating Docks to keep watch over her ketch while she toils away beneath the sea. Kativan chats only rarely with the scavengers. She has a thick accent, and shares very little of her origins. She claims to be from a "far-off land," and has asked her fellow scavengers to let her know if they find any books. Kativan is gathering up anything of value she can find, but it seems she's really here to find one particular tome, some arcane volume too dangerous to leave adrift in the Yartharen Sea.



CAPTAIN DENNIS RAGGLEFIELD: Some who travel to Muc-Mhara never descend beneath the waves. There's fun to be had and money to be made above the surface, conglomerating around the docks. Dennis Raggelfield (he/him) is a captain and shareholder with the Mizalor Trading Co. From his impressive clipper ship, Captain Raggelfield provides orders for his scavengers, plans trading routes, and schemes. As far as the Mizalor Trading Co. is concerned, this Muc-Mhara operation is a frivolous side venture. Captain Raggelfield is determined to show his partner that there is great wealth to be found in Muc-Mhara, so long as the captain and crew know what they're doing.

Of course, everyone in Muc-Mhara has ulterior motives. Captain Raggelfield has already made his fortunes with the Trading Co. He can retire to his hillside villa whenever he wants. Those in the know suggest his extremely thorough search of Muc-Mhara is about quite a bit more than profits. He is a haggard old man whose tattoos suggest a checkered past. Is he looking for something to remember his old days of piracy? Or is he looking to destroy evidence of past crimes?

SHAREECE ELZALAN: Signor Iallo has plenty of magical doodads. Unfortunately for the artifact dealer, many of these contraptions are no longer in perfect working order. As such, he has deployed scouts all over the realm of men in search of replacement parts, arcane fuels, and mystical tools to help revitalize his collection of powerful items. Shareece (she/her) is an excellent craftswoman, trained in the fabrication and repair of highly advanced magical contraptions. She is currently rummaging through the Trench of the Lost in an effort to find anything she can use to help Signor Iallo bolster his stock.

Though not the fastest or deftest of scavengers, Shareece has the benefit of knowing *exactly* what she's looking for. Often, the most precious items to Shareece are ignored entirely by her less scholarly competition. Chief among them: ancient elven fuels that are increasingly hard to source ever since the incident in Niirisarnel.

PÀDRAIG THE LOSS BROKER

In the early days of Muc-Mhara, many sailors feared that the sea fae were trying to trick them, that diving beneath the surface was a death sentence. Before any attempted to breathe in the unfloating waters, a few intrepid voyagers attempted to use diving bells to scout the ocean floor. Once the terrestrial races gained a bet-

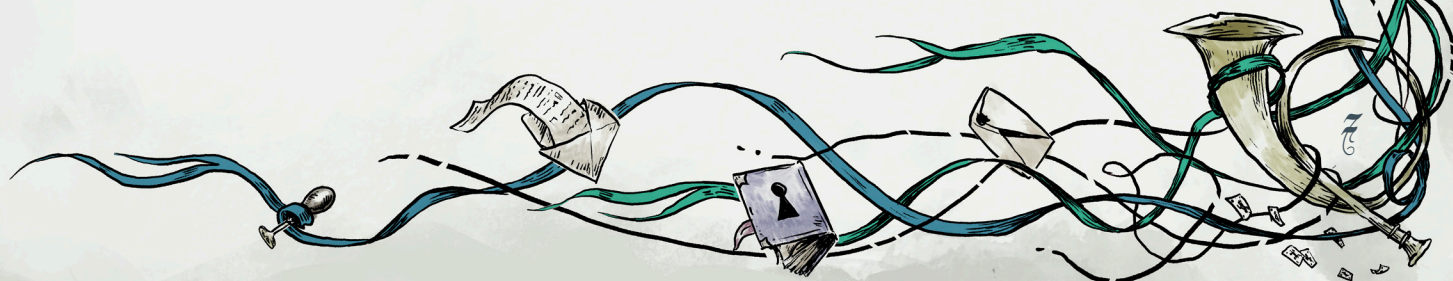
ter understanding of the unfloating, these diving bells became altogether unnecessary, though at least one was left behind.

Inside this mysterious diving bell lives Pàdraig the Loss Broker (he/him), a sea fae that resembles a large fuzzy caterpillar or—perhaps more aptly—a magical sea slug. In the days before Scamhóga's fall, Pàdraig was an intermediary between the Principality and the realm of men. Whenever the fae lords and ladies sought an audience with coastal rulers, they would rely on Pàdraig to make an introduction. Once the sea fae connection to the Principality was severed, gregarious Pàdraig lost both a tether to his home as well as his life's calling. More than most, Pàdraig found himself aimless in the Yartharen Sea.

Now Pàdraig lives in relative seclusion in his diving bell. He can no longer mediate treaties between fae princes and mortal sovereigns, but he can still strike impactful deals on the seafloor. For reasons even he cannot explain, Pàdraig has some ability to nudge the threads of fate. By exerting some amount of beguiling influence on the seas, he can influence the tides that carry lost things to Muc-Mhara. Of course, this requires considerable effort on his part, and any time he spends drawing in some poor bloke's misplaced penny-farthing is time Pàdraig isn't spending searching for the piece that he and his sea fae kin have lost.

Pàdraig does not make his services well known. If everyone was aware just how much control he had over the tides that make Muc-Mhara, there would be a never-ending line out his front door. This is—at least partially—why he hides away in a forgotten bell in the Trench of the Lost. There are whispers of a magic caterpillar that can twist chance in your favor, but most assume this very rumor is classic fae nonsense.

To find Pàdraig, an adventurer will have to either stumble on his bell by accident, or speak to one of his associates. Pàdraig, always the schemer, has not abandoned his quest to befriend all of the prominent sea fae and coastal leaders across the vast ocean. Even now, he occasionally ventures out from his bell to mingle with visiting dignitaries, members of the Council of Contracts, or the Ambergris Coven. If the adventurers in Muc-Mhara have made themselves well known across the Yartharen Sea or realm of men, Pàdraig might send an invitation through one of his attachés.







PLOT HOOK: FIND WHAT YOU'VE LOST

Many adventurers who make the trek to Muc-Mhara do so specifically to recover something they've lost. Usually, this is a physical object: some cherished memento, powerful weapon, or misplaced key. For others, they seek something a bit less tangible: their innocence, their mind, or a piece of their everlasting soul. Regardless of what was lost, adventurers might be able to recover that which they seek in Muc-Mhara.

ON LOSS

A pilfered treasure is not lost, it is stolen. A burnt deed is not lost, it is destroyed. An unrequited love is not lost, it was never found in the first place. Romantic or desperate travelers imagine a definition of "all things lost" that is impossibly broad. The magic of Scamhóga—however it works—already casts a wide net when determining what constitutes "lost," but there are limits to that generous classification. If adventurers come to Muc-Mhara hoping to recover their stolen gems or disintegrated wizard pal, they will inevitably return home empty-handed.

And no, sore losers can't recover from a lost bet.

The method of recovering something lost can vary dramatically depending on the nature of the loss. There are a number of well-tested methods for retrieving lost items, but the strategies for recovering something more ethereal range from odd but practical to deranged and mystical.

RECOVERING AN ITEM

If the adventurers seek an object that is 1. lost, and 2. of limited apparent value, they are in luck! There is a good chance that this item is *somewhere* in the Trench of the Lost. Of course, that will be of little consolation when they see the mountains of junk that clutter the seafloor. If they know exactly what they're looking for, they could always just methodically sift through the piles until they find it. This is likely to take an exceedingly long time unless the item is particularly colorful or particularly large.

Brute force is only one option however. Sea hags can cast spells to help find an object, though they will invariably request that an adventurer agree to some devious agreement first. If an item is noteworthy enough to be memorable but not valuable enough to have been sold, the other scavengers may remember seeing it. Asking around is never a bad idea, especially given how thoroughly some of the veteran scavengers have picked through the mountains of mementos.

The best potential helpers are the claspids. Though they are relatively unintelligent, they do understand speech, and they will help an adventurer that appeals to their interests. This will require the adventurers to figure out what the cephalopods *want* however. Some prefer tasty food—sea cucumber shortbread is a particular claspid delicacy—while others prefer flattery, shiny objects, or jokes. The other scavengers are likely the only ones in Muc-Mhara who know what each claspid wants.

ITEMS NOT IN MUC-MHARA

After looking for long enough, an adventurer might determine that whatever they seek isn't actually in Muc-Mhara. Maybe Scamhóga's tides have yet to deliver the item, or perhaps it has already been recovered and sold.

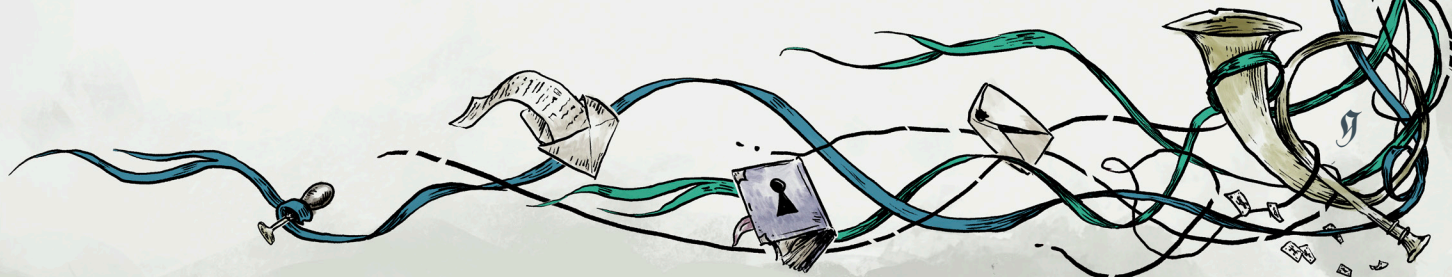
In the first instance, the only options available to an adventurer are to

1. Wait
2. Seek the seas
3. Beseech Pàdraig to coax the waves

WAITING

While not advisable, a patient adventurer can always stick around in Muc-Mhara until their item arrives. There is as of yet no way to know when a given lost thing may wind its way to the unfloating waters. Some algal sages suggest that the process is completely non-geographic; that is, it does not matter how far away or in which direction the item was lost. Some say the process always takes 99 hours, though this is easily disproven. Invariably, the process seems to be unpredictable. Among the first items to float to Muc-Mhara were centuries old artifacts as well as pouches holding recently minted coins.

Adventurers who choose to wait should be careful. For one, there is a high likelihood that their item may get snatched quickly by a professional scavenger. If the



party has revealed what they are looking for, scavengers will almost certainly try to nab it first so as to sell it to the desperate adventurers. More dangerous, however, is the threat of the Calling. Many of the snàmh ùra who eventually succumb to the urge to descend deeper were once patiently awaiting the arrival of some item memento now forgotten in their abyssal transformation.

SEEK THE SEAS

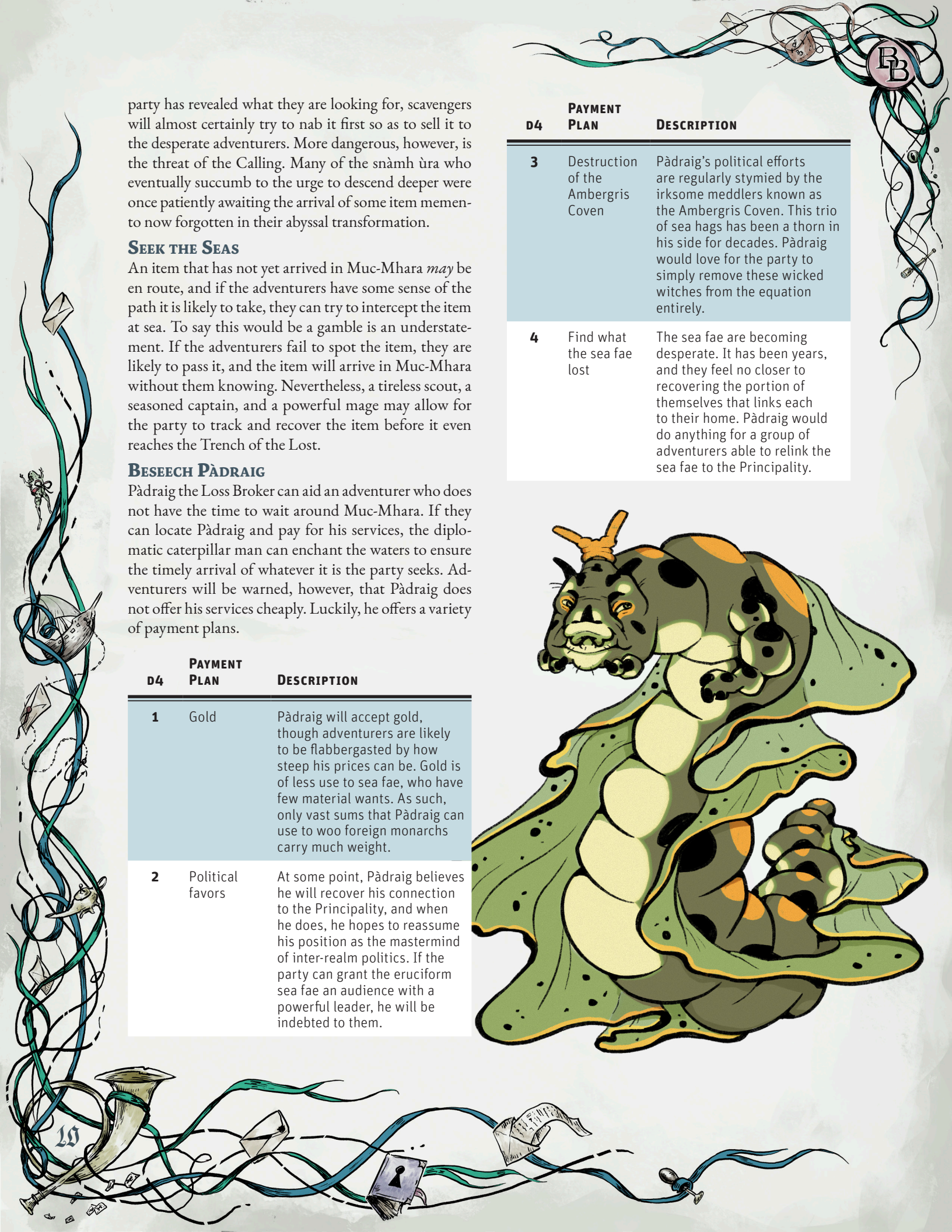
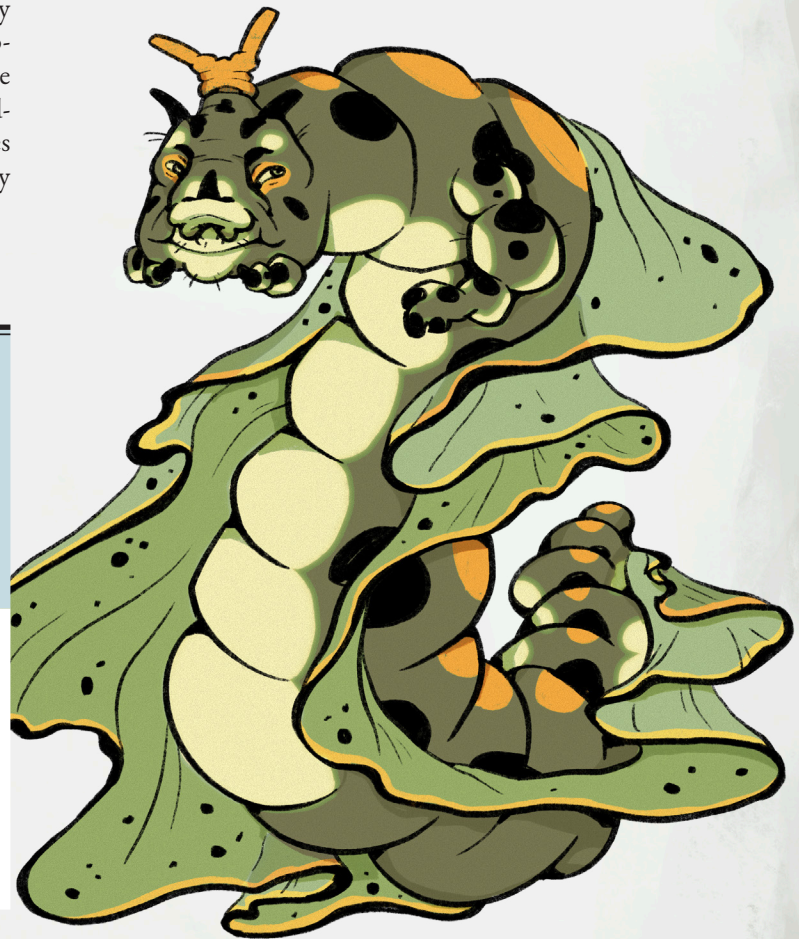
An item that has not yet arrived in Muc-Mhara *may* be en route, and if the adventurers have some sense of the path it is likely to take, they can try to intercept the item at sea. To say this would be a gamble is an understatement. If the adventurers fail to spot the item, they are likely to pass it, and the item will arrive in Muc-Mhara without them knowing. Nevertheless, a tireless scout, a seasoned captain, and a powerful mage may allow for the party to track and recover the item before it even reaches the Trench of the Lost.

BESECH PÀDRAIG

Pàdraig the Loss Broker can aid an adventurer who does not have the time to wait around Muc-Mhara. If they can locate Pàdraig and pay for his services, the diplomatic caterpillar man can enchant the waters to ensure the timely arrival of whatever it is the party seeks. Adventurers will be warned, however, that Pàdraig does not offer his services cheaply. Luckily, he offers a variety of payment plans.

D4	PAYMENT PLAN	DESCRIPTION
1	Gold	Pàdraig will accept gold, though adventurers are likely to be flabbergasted by how steep his prices can be. Gold is of less use to sea fae, who have few material wants. As such, only vast sums that Pàdraig can use to woo foreign monarchs carry much weight.
2	Political favors	At some point, Pàdraig believes he will recover his connection to the Principality, and when he does, he hopes to reassume his position as the mastermind of inter-realm politics. If the party can grant the eruciform sea fae an audience with a powerful leader, he will be indebted to them.

D4	PAYMENT PLAN	DESCRIPTION
3	Destruction of the Ambergris Coven	Pàdraig's political efforts are regularly stymied by the irksome meddlers known as the Ambergris Coven. This trio of sea hags has been a thorn in his side for decades. Pàdraig would love for the party to simply remove these wicked witches from the equation entirely.
4	Find what the sea fae lost	The sea fae are becoming desperate. It has been years, and they feel no closer to recovering the portion of themselves that links each to their home. Pàdraig would do anything for a group of adventurers able to relink the sea fae to the Principality.



RECOVERING SOMETHING ABSTRACT

A traveler must be pretty desperate before they're willing to travel through storms and squalls to arrive in an enchanted underwater trench in an attempt to recover something of theirs *with no tangible form*. Nevertheless, if the fables are to be believed, then *all things lost* will somehow make their way to Muc-Mhara.

In order to recover something intangible, snàmh ùra are encouraged to approach life below the waves like a sea fae. Make a bargain. Go to a party. Do something tricky. Engage in a bit of debauchery. "If you want Scamhóga to help you," claim the algal sages, "you must embody the creatures she loves most." As with all algal wisdom, this is at most a half-truth. In all likelihood "approaching life like a sea fae might" is just a convenient way to encourage snàmh ùra to think outside the box. After all, regardless of where one finds themselves, they are unlikely to make any meaningful discovery by clinging to prior behaviors. The definition of insanity, etc. etc.

While no two ephemeral losses can ever be recovered in the same way, some general guidelines are as follows:

- ◆ Many things that are lost can only be recovered by giving up something else. One cannot regain their innocence without somehow also forfeiting maturity. Many fae compare this to their "law of reciprocity," though this is a tenuous connection at best.
- ◆ While Pàdraig can be of some use with abstract loss—somehow drawing in the catalysts that can facilitate recovery—it is also possible for an individual to twist fate in their favor. Little is likely to change for an adventurer who makes no effort.
- ◆ Often, something intangible can be tied to something physical. Cursed adventurers have recovered their sense of smell after sniffing a flower from their home. Forlorn knights have regained their purpose after overhearing an account of an injustice. Couples have rediscovered the romance in their relationship after sharing a bed in the Lost and Found Lodge.
- ◆ There are many common losses and common wisdoms to accompany those. If you've lost money, there are plenty of ways to make an income in Muc-Mhara. If you've lost a loved one, the sea fae assure you that you can find someone to love beneath the waves. There are common solutions for losing one's mind, one's temper, one's nerve, and more. These are such frequent causes for travel to Muc-Mhara that concierge Charnie O'Grey hands out a pamphlet listing typical remedies to those checking in to the hotel.

